

# MOOSE JAW TIMES.

VOL. VII.—NO. 22.

MOOSE JAW, N. W. T., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1895.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

Under this head Business Cards not exceeding one inch, ten dollars per annum.

**W. M. GRAYSON**, Barrister, Advocate, Conveyancer, Notary Public, Etc.  
Office: Main St., Moose Jaw, N. W. T.  
Agent for the Canada Northwest Land Company, Limited, and the Trustees of Moose Jaw Town Site.

**J. G. GORDON**, Barrister, Advocate, Etc.  
Agent for the Manitoba and North-West Loan Co. Office, High St., Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

**W. J. NELSON**, Barrister, Advocate, Conveyancer.  
Room 10, Aberdeen House, River St. E., Moose Jaw.

**T. C. JOHNSTONE**, Barrister, Solicitor, Advocate, Etc.  
Office: Cor. South Ry. & Rose Sts., Regina.

**A. R. TURNBULL**, M.D., C.M.

Office in Hole's block, cor. Main and River streets.

**D. R. P. F. SIZE**, L.D.S., M.R.C.D.S., Surgeon Dentist.

Will visit Moose Jaw on the 27th and 28th of each month.  
Satisfaction given both in workmanship and prices.  
Regina office open from 18 to 29 of each month.

**H. McDUGALL**, Deputy Registrar  
Moose Jaw District, for Births, Marriages and Deaths.

**I. O. F.**  
Court Moose Jaw, No. 509, holds its regular meeting in Annable Hall, on the last Tuesday of each month, at 8 o'clock p.m. Every member is requested to attend.  
Next regular meeting will be held on Tuesday, Nov. 26th.  
R. W. Timmins, C.R. C. L. Ross, R.S.

**JNO. BRASS**,  
Tin & Sheet Iron Worker.

CROSBIE BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

**O. B. FYSH**,  
Auctioneer & Valuator.

Orders for Auction Sales or Bailiffs work left at office, Town Hall block, will receive prompt attention.

**R-I-P-A-N-S.**  
ONE GIVES RELIEF.

**PLANING MILL.**

Common lumber \$20.00 per M, cord wood \$6.00 per cord, shingles \$4.50 per cord, Roche Perce coal \$4.00 per ton at shed, chopped feed \$1.00 per cwt. Prices of St. Louis Wines and Boons, Mortgages, Etc., on application. Encourage home industry by patronizing us as we manufacture everything in our line that can be made to advantage at home, thus keeping the money in our midst.

Motto to bear in mind:—"Always leave cash with order."

**E. Simpson & Co.**

**FOR WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS,**

The pick of the choicest brands selected from the markets of both hemispheres, also American Lager, Domestic Ale and Porter, Guinness's Stout, and Bass' Pale Ale, call on or write to

**OCTAVIUS FIELD.**

Terms Cash.

Store closes at 18 o'clock; take notice and govern yourselves accordingly.

# SNAPS

Look Out For Them!

## GOLD SNAPS

Will soon be here again, but you can prepare for them by getting some of the SNAPS T. W. Robinson is offering in

General Dry Goods,

Clothing, Underwear,

Footwear, Etc., Etc.

There are two reasons why we can give you such bargains:

1ST.—All our last season's clothing in men's and boy's suits, overcoats and pea jackets must be cleaned out, and we have marked them so low that the price is bound to sell them.

2ND.—All our new Fall and winter goods were bought before the advance in price, as everyone knows the price of all cotton and wool goods has advanced from five to ten per cent.

**We Quote a Few Prices For Example.**

Men's heavy tweed ulsters \$13.00, reduced to \$9.00; boy's heavy tweed overcoats \$5.75 for \$3.75, \$5.00 for \$3.00. See our

**GREY TOWNE OVERCOAT FOR \$5.00.**

Mens Suits: All 15, 16, and 17 dollar suits put in a pile and going at \$10.00. All 10, 11, and 12 dollar suits reduced to \$7.50.

SEE OUR SPECIAL AT 5.00

## In Underwear

We can give you a line of heavy ribbed wool for \$1.00 per suit, and four patterns, any suit for \$2.00, either plain, fancy or O. S. ribbed

## FOOTWEAR

We have everything to make one warm and comfortable. Dolges' felt boots in three qualities, laced and congress.

Green Apples \$4.00 a Barrel  
Winter Apples \$4.50 a Barrel

Call and inspect our stock and get prices, above quotations net Cash.

**T. W. ROBINSON.**

P.S.—Black Walnut Sideboard \$65.00 for \$30.00. Oak Bedroom Suit \$55.00 for \$25.00.

## E. A. BAKER & CO.

Have just received their annual consignment of China, Steel and Granite ware, consisting of Toilet Sets, Tea and Coffee Pots, Fancy Cups and Saucers, Plates, Tumblers, and all kinds of Household Utensils. CALL AND SEE THEM.

**COAL! COAL! COAL!**

Our winter arrangements for the supply of the

**CELEBRATED GALT COAL, BOTH NUT AND LUMP,**

are completed and a large stock of both kinds is now on hand.

## Threshers

can get Rock Bottom prices on Oils, Belts, Lace Leather, and all sundries used by them. Our stock of GROCERIES, FLOUR & FEED, HARDWARE, Etc., Etc., is larger than ever and at prices to suit the times.

## Life-sized Portraits Given Away

AS A PREMIUM FOR CASH TRADE, according to the following conditions:—With every \$10 worth of cash purchases at our store you will be entitled, free, to one elegant life-sized CROATINT portrait, copied from any photo you may select, and finished in the most artistic manner, and of the same quality which commands, at retail \$15. These Croatint portraits we positively guarantee are all made by the Merchant's Portrait Co., (Ltd.) 495 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont., who are the originators of the Croatint portraits, and who in order to guard against inferior imitations of their celebrated productions, have copyrighted the name "CROATINT".

The reputation of this Company for portraiture of the highest excellence is unsurpassed, and in order to further advertise their work, and upon our agreeing to use their Croatint portraits exclusively in our business, they guarantee our customers not only as to the artistic merit of the work, but also the likeness and durability.

**Their Work Will Please You, and it Will Last.**

In order to see that their portraits are suitably and properly framed this Co. furnish their own frames and have made it conditional upon us that with each portrait we sell a frame, an assortment of which we shall keep at \$3.50 each and upward, subject to your own selection as to style and quality. **WE GIVE YOU THE PORTRAIT FREE.** You pay for the frame only.

**I. M. CHALMERS.**

## PENNSYLVANIA : COAL.

We are prepared to deliver this celebrated coal at

**\$11.50 PER TON.**

To any part of the town for the coming year.

This is undoubtedly the best coal on the market.

All orders must be accompanied by the cash.

**WILSON & McDONALD.**

### ROYAL SCALP FOOD

Price \$1.00  
6 Bottles \$5.00 Exp. Pd.

#### ONE HONEST MAN AND BUT ONE RELIABLE HAIR FOOD.

NO DYE.  
We feed the Hair that which it lacks and nature restores the color.

**THEORY.**  
ROYAL SCALP FOOD destroys the diseased germ of the scalp and a healthy action is set up. It contains the principal properties of the hair that are necessary to its life without which it will not grow. It restores the scalp the same as you do a field of corn and growth is certain. It invigorates the scalp, cleanses it and thoroughly eradicates all dandruff, which is the forerunner of baldness. It is the ONLY remedy ever discovered that will restore the life, beauty and natural color to the hair. It is the ONLY remedy that will restore the hair to its natural color. It is the ONLY remedy that will restore the hair to its natural color. It is the ONLY remedy that will restore the hair to its natural color.

**CURES BALDNESS, STOPS FALLING HAIR, CURES DANDRUFF, RESTORES FACED AND GRAY HAIR TO NATURAL COLOR AND VITALITY. PERFECTLY HARMLESS. WARRANTED.**

CLEAR AS WATER. NO SEDIMENT. NO LEAD. PURELY OF CHEMICALS.

**ROYAL SCALP FOOD CO.**  
Box 305, WINDSOR, ONT.

## THE RIFLEMEN DINE.

The Scholar and the Epicure Both Agree That it Was a Noble Feast.

"We may live without love,  
What is passion but pain?  
But where is the man  
Who can live without dining?"

Such was the apt quotation from Byron which appeared on the outside cover of the handsome menu cards, tastefully embellished by similar verses from the English poets, which adorned the table of the Hotel Brunswick on the night of Friday last, the occasion of the first annual dinner of the Rifle Association.

At 8 p.m. the riflemen and their guests sat down to a spread which would have done honor to the Manitoba of the "Hub." The sitting and sample rooms had been converted for the occasion into a dining room, the ordinary dining room serving as a cloak and waiting room. It was most tastefully decorated with rifles, bayonets, flags, bugles and bunting. The stacks of arms gave the well-lighted room a truly martial appearance. Behind the Vice President's chair a miniature target, surrounded by a Union Jack and surmounted by arms and bugles, was peculiarly unique.

The entire arrangement of the room as well as the neat appearance of the table reflected the greatest credit on the proprietor of the hotel. The several courses of the dinner were "all that the curious palate could wish." "Flesh, fish and fowl and all the rest," wanted nothing but eating. And the latter requirement was well filled, for every available seat was occupied. Twenty-five riflemen ate and drank together with the guests whose names appeared in our last issue.

The President, Mr. Con. Leary, occupied the chair, and Mr. W. J. Nelson, the Vice-President, the vice chair.

After full honor had been done to the excellent repast the dishes were removed and many happy hours were passed "across the walnut and the wine." The toast of "The Queen" was proposed by Mr. Nelson, an American subject, in a few well-chosen remarks, and "God Save the Queen" was sung with spirit.

The Vice-President in a neat speech proposed "The President of the adjoining Republic." He hoped that the same concord and harmony as now existed between the subjects might ever continue to exist between the countries themselves.

"The Star Spangled Banner" was then sung with enthusiasm by the three or four American subjects present.

"The Governor General" was next royally toasted, and we can even yet here the echoes of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

The toast of "Canada" was next proposed by C. A. W. Smith, in a humorous after-dinner speech, coupling with it the name of Mr. Nelson, "Canada, the Gem of the Crown" was then sung, after which an able and scholarly reply was delivered by the Vice-President. In a half-hour's speech he pictured the nature, extent, resources, and capabilities of our fair Dominion, concerning which, propounded as it was with a lofty and progressive race, he prophesied a great and brilliant future. The gentleman concluded his interesting and instructive remarks by reciting a patriotic poem, entitled "Canada," the author of which, it was stated, could be found in Moose Jaw.

The toast of "The Army, Navy and Vol. Inters," proposed by Mr. C. A. W. Smith, was well received, and a fitting song, "This Land Brings the Great Harry Humberd" to the company by playing reminiscences of his experience in the North-West Rebellion. In conclusion, he sang "Pork, Beans, and Hard Tack," a campaign song, written by Mr. Nelson, while in service in the same rebellion.

The toast of "The Parliament of Canada, and its Legislative Assemblies," was next proposed by the Vice Chair, Jas. H. Ross, made a happy response, and in his hair-serious, but amusing style, expressed confidence in our future of government and the legislative abilities of the members of our parliament. He embellished his remarks by a few humorous stories. John G. Gordon also being called upon, made a brief response to the toast.

"Our Commercial Interests" was next proposed by Mr. John Rutherford, and brought Messrs. T. W. Robinson, R. Bogue and W. W. Hole to their feet. All three gentlemen spoke in appreciative terms of the members of the Rifle Association.

"The Learned Profession" was next proposed by Mr. Seymour Green in a neat and polished speech, which was responded to in like manner by Mr. Fenwick, Principal of the High School, Mr. J. G. Gordon and Dr. Turnbull.

The toast of "The Rifle Association" was next proposed by Mr. Ross, M.L.A., and drank with much enthusiasm by the guests. He spoke in the highest terms of the abilities of the riflemen and the great success this year achieved by the Association. It was beyond question the most flourishing club west of Winnipeg. Next he proposed presenting a gold medal to the club for competition. The toast was responded to by the President, Chas. Thompson, Thos. Wright and others.

The Vice Chair next requested the members of the Association to honor the memory of their departed comrade, Mr. E. F. Burpee, which toast, as is customary in military bodies, was drunk in silence. The many qualities of Mr. Burpee were feelingly alluded to, as also the fact of his being an enthusiastic rifleman and a genial sportsman. He concluded his remarks by a very appropriate resolution, entitled: "Yes, Boys, He's Dead, Our Good Old Comrade."

"The Press" was next proposed which brought forth a fitting reply from Mr. O. B. Fysh.

"Our Host" was proposed by Mr. Ross,

who referred briefly to his appreciation of the excellent spread provided by Mrs. Kern and the tasteful appearance and convenience of the hotel Brunswick. Mr. Kern, the proprietor, replied, expressing pleasure that his guests were pleased with his efforts to entertain them. He concluded by singing a song of his native land.

"The Ladies" was next proposed by Mr. Fenwick and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" was sung amid roars of laughter.

Throughout the evening songs and recitations were given by Messrs. Bailey, Furness, Rolfe, Gregory, Nelson, Humberd, Long and others, which contributed to the entertainment of those present. Mr. McCaul ably presided at the piano and Messrs. Munns, Bate and others furnished musical selections on the guitar and violin.

The company broke up early in the morning, everybody well satisfied with the evening's pleasure.

The dinner was a success in every way and its annual occurrence will be looked forward to with pleasure and interest. May the riflemen ever be able to say, "The evening's diversion, bore the morning's reflection."

## Turkey Match.

The riflemen enjoyed a full day's sport on Friday last at the butts, when their first annual turkey and goose shoot took place, commencing at ten o'clock in the morning, and lasting until darkness arrived. It was a beautiful day, and the greatest merriment prevailed throughout. Nearly all the members of the Association took part in the contest, which concluded the most successful year since its formation, and the riflemen have a right to feel proud of their club which closes the season with a large membership, a good supply of rifles, and a fair amount in the treasury. This success is largely to be attributed to the officers, who were ever watchful of its interests, and ever active in providing matches and prizes.

The following are the names of the members winning fowl in the competition, and the number won by each:—

H. W. Carter,	3
Dan Morrison,	2
W. J. Nelson,	2
Thos. Withrow,	2
John Rutherford (alias Wellington),	2
Geo. Mann,	1
D. McVannell,	1
Seymour Green,	1
Con. Leary,	1
Harry Humberd,	1
Jas. Mair,	2
Chas. Thompson,	1
John Wellington,	1

The fowl left over were distributed among deserving (!) parties about the town.

## The Hockey and Skating Club.

A representative meeting of the hockey boys and skaters was held in Mr. R. E. Doran's store on Saturday evening last, on the occasion of the annual meeting of the Hockey Club.

On motion the name of the club was changed to "The Hockey and Skating Club," and the object of the club enlarged so as to include skating. The committee of management was increased from three to six members to enable the skaters to have a voice in the affairs of the club.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected, who together form the executive committee:—Honorary President, Hugh McDougall, Esq.; President, W. J. Nelson; Secretary, Treasurer, El. Baxter; Captain of hockey team, Samuel Armstrong; committee of management, Chas. Smith, R. E. Doran, Wm. Smington, R. W. Timmins, A. Hopkirk, A. D. McLeod.

The special committee reported that the Town Council had given the club permission to build a rink on the market square with leave to occupy the same for three years.

A motion was also made that the committee of management be authorized to accept tenders for the building of a rink 35 feet by 140 feet, on the said land, and according to plans and specifications, and to report at a subsequent meeting to be held on Monday evening, at 19 o'clock.

Accordingly the club again met on that evening. The tender of the Honorary President was accepted and the rink will be completed before Dec. 15th.

It was decided to issue a hundred shares at five dollars each. The purchaser of one share to be entitled to all the privileges of the club for one year. Members of the hockey team are required to pay \$1.00 over and above the skating fees.

The committee of management who have charge of the sales of shares, are meeting with much encouragement, and it is hoped that the sum of \$225.00, the amount at present required to pay the first instalment of purchase money, and properly equip the rink, will be readily subscribed. Everyone should help the boys, in their laudable efforts to provide for healthy exercise during the winter months.



## AGRICULTURAL

### Clover Sowing in the Fall.

Fall sowing of clover should be practiced, says the American Agriculturist, where spring seeding failed, otherwise the crop rotation will be thrown out of joint, the supply of hay and pasture cut short next year, and soil fertility may be lost through leaving the ground bare. If the work is done at the proper time a good catch of clover and grass seed may be secured. (1) Break the stubble to destroy all rubbish and level the surface. (2) Harrow the soil with a disk or spading harrow, until the soil is thoroughly loosened to the depth of two or three inches. (3) Pulverize the soil very finely with a fine tooth harrow. (4) As soon as the soil becomes thoroughly moistened, sow the clover seed, harrow it in lightly, and heavily roll the ground. The timothy or other grass seed may be sown at the same time or later. Of course, the soil must be rich to obtain a permanently good stand.

### Feeding for Butter.

The question whether or not the quality of milk is influenced by the food fed the cows, has again been renewed by some dairymen, or rather milk peddlers, who claim that they are not at all responsible for the poor quality of milk, as it is exactly the same condition as when taken from the cow. If a cow gives poor, watery milk, as is often claimed, she should be turned over to the butcher at the earliest moment possible, and the excuse should not be a valid one accepted by authorities who look after the milk supply of cities. Upon the question of the food supply, Prof. Ezer Throner commits himself as follows: "The results of numerous experiments, accurately carried out, seem to lead to the conclusion that the richness or poorness of milk is characteristic of the individual, and has nothing whatever to do with the food, and that, however you feed a cow, provided, of course, all the ration is liberal in quantity and healthy, the usual result is uniformity of quality. If a cow naturally gives a milk that is of poor quality and low in butter-fat, the best and most abundant feeding in the world will not improve its composition."

A well-known writer antagonizes this statement and says: "I have looked with curiosity and interest for the evidence in support of this opinion, because it seemed to upset all my preconceived notions as to the effects of food on milk, and it must have come as a shock to those who fondly believed they were 'feeding for butter,' as the saying goes. We have often been given formulae for feeding milk—ration for butter, for milk, for meat—and it has seemed one of the fundamental principles of the dairyman's creed that he could get out of a cow what he put into her, or in other words, that he would find in the milk what he laid out in extra food for the cow." Failing any further note on the subject, I have looked up the question for myself, and, as a result, am surprised at the confusion that appears to exist on the point. From time to time I have seen cows that give milk already watered, i.e., below the very low standard of fat and solids that the analyst has decided milk ought to contain to warrant its being pure. The police courts, when people have been summoned for selling milk deprived of a proportion of its cream, or containing a percentage of added water, it has been pleaded that the milk was the genuine product of the cow and sold just as she yielded up to the milker. In fact, this is a common plea. Sometimes it does not work, but at others the cow has been accepted as a final court of appeal, and milk has been drawn, analyzed, and found to be of much the same poor quality as that forming the subject of the charge. Generally this poor quality is attributed to the keep. In 1893 several cases of this kind occurred. They were put down to the drought, to the shortness of water, or to the scantiness of succulence in the herbage. There are points at which one would expect to influence quantity rather than quality; especially when we find that in some dairies, where milk is produced especially for sale as milk, large quantities of brewer's grain and similar succulent materials are deliberately given with a view to increasing the quantity of the yield. Milk being milk if it comes up to the low standard fixed, quality is of no particular importance. Similarly it has been proposed to give dairy cows large quantities of salt to make them thirsty and cause them to drink freely, the idea being to water the milk through the cow so as to avoid pouring into the bucket. According to Dr. Voelcker, feeding does influence quality. He would not have sold as milk any product of the cow because it came straight from her udder, but says that it should be the normal healthy secretion of the mammary glands of a properly-fed cow. He would not accept "drawn from the cow" as a test of purity, and says, if we have a man feeding cows on nothing but straw and roots, giving no cake, no meal, etc., we shall get milk that, in his opinion, is of a quality that should not be supplied to the public. This looks as though Dr. Voelcker believed that feeding influences quality, and is more in accordance with the old-world notion that we can feed for butter, i.e., for richness of milk, that is the opinion that the best and most abundant feeding in the world will not improve the composition of milk of a cow with a natural tendency to produce milk low in butter fat. On the other hand, it is difficult to square these notions of feeding affecting quality with what experience has taught us about the characteristics of breeds. We find Dutch cows giving a larger quantity of milk, generally of low quality; and we find Channel Island cattle representing characteristics quite the reverse—taking, not the gross yield, but the percentage of fat. In considering the relative merits of dairy cows, we classify them as milk, butter, and cheese cows—Short-horns, Jerseys, Ayrshires, etc., and if breeds have an influence on quality, why not individuals? It is certainly difficult to throw overboard these cherished notions that feeding will influence quality, and instead, connect it mainly with the individuality of the cow. That cheese-maker, Mr. Sprig of Newton, also emphatically declared that his experience quite contradicted the old idea that the richness of milk is in any way dependent upon the richness of the food, and although we may water milk through the cow, it seems that the analogy between this means of increasing the quantity and increasing the quality of the product does not hold good. We have often been assured that cod liver oil fed to

cows is capable of increasing the fat of the milk. I have thought so myself. Similarly cake and other foods rich in fat have been vaunted as butter-producing foods. Some time ago a dairymen declared that by feeding two pounds of pure tallow per day, he could secure a gain in butter fat ranging from 30 to 90 per cent. on the week. Professor Wing has knocked this on the head, and after a ten weeks' trial of the tallow ration, says, "There has been no increase in the fat in the milk of feeding tallow to the cows, in addition to a liberal grain ration."

### THE PRINCE GEORGE.

Description of the Latest Cruiser in the British Fleet.

A London cable says:—The first class cruiser Prince George was launched recently at Portsmouth. As announced the christening ceremony was performed by the Duchess of York, and naturally the proceedings were watched by an enormous concourse of people. The usual service having been read by the dockyard chaplain, the Rev. T. F. Morton, Her Royal Highness broke a bottle of champagne over the vessel and a cord having been severed the cruiser glided gracefully off the slips into the water, amid the cheers of thousands of spectators.

The Duchess said: "I name this ship the Prince George and wish success to all who sail in her." Afterward Her Royal Highness was presented with an oak casket containing the mallet and chisel used in cutting the rope. She wore a lovely dress of green velvet, veiled with cream muslin and brocade with tiny roses. Her Royal Highness was presented with a bouquet by Miss Yates, daughter of the chief constructor, or of the yard. After the ceremony the Duke and Duchess drove to Admiralty house for luncheon.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE VESSEL.

The principal dimensions of the Prince George are as follows:—Length between perpendiculars, 370 feet; breadth, extreme, 75 feet; mean draught of water, 27 feet 6 inches; displacement when fully equipped, about 15,000 tons. The vessel will be fitted with twin screws, each of which will be driven by an independent set of engines, with three vertical cylinders, and of six thousand horse power giving a total horse power of 12,000 for both sets of engines, with a working pressure in the boilers of 150 pounds per square inch. The amount of coal usually carried is 900 tons, but the Prince George has a total stowage of 2,220 tons.

The disposition of her protective armor is similar to that of the Majestic, the arrangement combining the advantages of the turtle back deck of the cruiser with those of the citadel armor of modern battle ships. The ship will be fitted with two masts, with two fighting tops on each. Each top will carry three 3-pounder quick firing guns, and each mast will carry on a platform at its head a powerful electric light for signaling and searching purposes.

The Prince George will be fitted with the new 12-inch breech-loading steel and wire armor shield 10 inches thick, as in the Majestic, an advantage not possessed by previous battle ships of this size. The vessel will also carry 12 six-inch quick-firing guns, mounted in casemates, protected by six-inch Harvey armor, eight of which are on the main deck and four on the upper deck.

Sixteen 12-pounder quick firing guns will also be mounted on the main and upper decks, and the vessel's armament will be completed by the twelve 3-pounder quick firing guns in the military top, by two 12-pounder bow and stern guns, and by eight 4-inch Maxim guns, mounted in suitable positions. Twenty-two torpedoes will be carried, which can be fired from four submerged tubes two forward and two astern, and one above and one below the stern.

Six search light projectors, worked by three dynamos, each of 600 amperes, will also be carried.

### Falling Leaves.

The brown leaves of autumn are falling. The wind is in the leaves, and the leaves are falling. The voice of King Winter is calling—Proclaiming death to the worn-out year. Listen to sad and dying sound.

Of brown leaves turning and falling down. The voice of fall in silence is hushed. As the winds stir the locks of the sage; While spring and summertime hopes are crushed.

With growing weight of the year's old age. Dead leaves are scattered on the ground. While others are falling gently down.

They grow so carefree on limbs so high. And when the sweet breath of night and morn; A picture rises, against the blue sky. Now the forest of verdure is shorn.

And graves for the leaves are being found. As the falling leaves are scattered down. The green leaves of spring the brown in fall. "Are ye leaves of spring, the brown in fall."

We journey on at the Master's call. Leaving behind us the world's mad strife. While fears and hopes keep fluttering down.

Hopes of springtime are dying and dead. Unfinished work is kissed with a sigh. As the falling leaves turn brown and die. And still I listen to dying sound.

Of brown leaves turning and falling down.

Eternity. Because the rose must fade. Shall I not love the rose? Shall I not love the rose? Shall I not love the rose? Shall I not love the rose?

Because the sunset sky. Shall I not love the sunset sky? Shall I not love the sunset sky? Shall I not love the sunset sky?

Because the sweet of youth. Shall I not love the sweet of youth? Shall I not love the sweet of youth? Shall I not love the sweet of youth?

Because the summer flower. Shall I not love the summer flower? Shall I not love the summer flower? Shall I not love the summer flower?

## ABOUT THE HOUSE.

### How To Be a Good Guest.

Do not stay too long. It is much to break into the life of any family, even for a few days. Pay no attention to urgings to stay longer, however sincere they seem. Set a time to go when you arrive, and stick to it.

Conform absolutely to the household arrangements, especially as to time of rising, going to meals, and retiring. Be ready in ample time for all drives or other excursions.

Carry with you all needed toilet supplies that you may not be obliged to mortify your host by pointing out possible deficiencies in the guest-room, such as a clothes-brush—the article most commonly lacking.

It is almost always wise in the middle of your visit to go off somewhere by yourself for a day, to rest your entertainers.

Enter heartily into all their plans for entertaining you, but make it plain that you do not care to be entertained all the time, or to have every minute filled with amusement.

Be ready to suggest little plans for pleasure when you see your host at a loss to entertain you. Try how well you can entertain, for a change. Turn about in fair play in visiting, as well as in everything else.

Be pleased with all things. If you ever were blase and sprightly, go so now. Your high spirits and evident enjoyment are the only things your host wants.

Take some work with you, so that when your host has to work you may keep him in countenance by working also. More good times are to be had over work than over play, anyway.

Do not argue, or discuss debatable matters. Few things have a worse taste in the mouth.

Offer to pay the little incidental expenses that will be caused now and then by your visit; but merely offer,—do not insist upon it, which would be very rude.

Take special pains to do credit to your host among his friends. Remember that he is judged largely by you.

In time, to sum up all possible precepts, observe the Golden Rule, and you will be a good guest, and many and hearty will be your invitations.

### Two Favorite Pickles.

Pickled Walnuts.—The walnuts must be gathered when they can be pierced with a pin. When the shell can be felt, they have ceased to be in a proper state for pickling. Steep them in a strong brine for 12 days, changing the brine every three days. Take them out, and expose to the air until they turn black, which may be two days, often less. Make a pickle, using to every hundred nuts about 1 gallon of vinegar, 2 oz black pepper, 3 oz bruised ginger, 1 dram of mace, 3 oz cloves, 4 oz mustard seeds and 2 oz eschalots or garlic.

Boil the vinegar and spices for about 4 minutes, and pour boiling hot over the walnuts. When quite cold, place in small jars and seal. Most pickle vinegar, when the vegetables are used, may be utilized again, walnut pickle in particular. Boil it up with a few eschalots chopped fine. Let it stand until clear, then pour off and bottle. It is an excellent sauce for hashes, fish, or stews, and also for flavoring soups or salads.

Chowchow.—Use in the following proportions: One dozen small cucumbers 2 heads of cauliflower, 1 peck of string beans 1 peck green tomatoes, 6 green peppers, 1 quart of very small white onions, 1 pint mustard, 2 gallons vinegar, 1 lb ground mustard, 1 lb mustard seed, 1 oz ground cloves, 1 oz allspice and two oz of turmeric. Peel the cucumbers, remove the strings from beans, break the cauliflower into flakes; if the tomatoes are large cut in quarters. Sprinkle all the vegetables with salt, let stand for 24 hours and drain. Mix the spices and mustard into a paste with some of the vinegar; put the remainder of the vinegar over the vegetables and let stand for 24 hours. Let them cook about twenty minutes, until they look yellow and are tender. Place in jars and seal.

### Household Hints.

Apple sauce should always be eaten with roast pork, sausages, goose and all rich dishes, for the malic acid neutralizes any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat.

Eggs can be prepared in so many ways that they are possible few-minute dishes, but so easily and commonly served most people tire of them, therefore they should not be served on consecutive days unless care the digestion and appetite of an ostrich.

Nearly every woman is troubled by apple pies "boiling over." This can be remedied by sprinkling more than half the sugar to be used on the under crust, then place the sliced apples above it, sprinkling the remainder of the sugar, spice, salt and a bit of butter on the top. By this means the sugar boils up into the apple instead of running out.

A physician makes the suggestion that green corn should be eaten from the cob and not cut off, or if cut off, to be cut with a dull knife. If the knife be sharp enough to make a clean cut of the grain it will also cut with it the ligneous substance in which the grain is embedded and this substance is as unwholesome as sawdust, and is quite as irritating to the lining of the stomach and bowels. In biting the grain from the cob, the woody substance is left on the cob, the teeth pressing the grain from its bed rather than taking a part of the bed with it.

Two cooks. One man and the other good, can make of the same dishes something quite different, therefore it doesn't follow that because one has only "the same old things" she cannot get up something quite new if she only gets the right way about it. For instance, toast can be, and usually is, served as a dredge, cold salt. It may be, and occasionally is, served so that it is a toothsome morsel. Bread should be at least twenty-four hours old to make good toast, and then it should be sliced freshly and laid on the toaster and have each side seared bit with the heat before either side is browned; this keeps the inside of the slice fresh and moist and good. Whether the toast is served dry or buttered, the slices should be stood up and not laid down for the escaping steam to spoil the slice above and below it. A toast rack is the only

proper thing to serve toast in, but where one is not at hand the slices can be at least stood up in card-tent fashion.

### Measures.

A teaspoonful is sixty drops. Three teaspoonfuls make a tablespoonful just half an ounce of liquid measure. A pint is sixteen tablespoonfuls, and a pint liquid measure. A solid tablespoonful of butter is an ounce. Salt, soda and spice are measured level; sugar, butter and flour are measured rounding with all lumps crushed.

## A VERY TOUCHING STORY.

### FATHER WAS GUILTY, BUT THE DAUGHTER LOVED HIM STILL.

Fading From Earth, She Prayed to See Her Father, Saw Him, Died, and He Came Back to Jail—A Sad Death-Defying Story.

A correspondent at Lockport, N. Y., relates the following sad story:—There was no happier child in the whole world, than was Millicent Arnold just at this time two years ago. It was impossible to feel cheerful when she was about. She was very pretty, with her big, laughing eyes and rosy cheeks and lips, that would smile whenever there was half a chance. The sun never set in her heart, and the flowers bloomed there winter and summer. The whole town knew her and loved her, and envied her father and mother. She and her father were always together. He was a young man, handsome, popular, rising in politics, successful in business. And when he and little Millicent walked together, as they did almost every evening after business and school were over for the day, they smiled happily at every one they met, and every one smiled happily back at them, especially at the little girl, who was so evidently

### PROUD OF HER FATHER.

He was John Jacob Arnold, the county treasurer, and the cashier of the Merchants' National Bank, and his home was one of the most comfortable as well as of the happiest in Lockport. One day in the fall of 1893 they sent for Millicent to come home from school. The bank had closed, and an examination of the books of that day had been in progress. She father was in jail. Millicent went to the jail with her mother. It was a horrible shock, and her mother, who knew the truth, had broken down. But little Millicent faced her father with a brave smile.

"I know that you are innocent, father," she said, putting her arms around his neck. "I do not need weeks afterwards, when he had begun to serve his twelve years sentence, that a child would see with her father's disgrace and thus opened her eyes to the truth."

Presently she began to droop. The doctors came and said she was threatened with consumption. The Arnolds had no money to take her away. The pretty home was gone, and even the humblest home was too expensive for them. But even if they had taken her away, it is doubtful if it would have done her any good. Within six months the disease had fastened upon her. Week by week.

### SHE WASTED AWAY.

She tried to be cheerful, and she was so grateful to the people of the town who were always coming to see her. And her beauty, instead of growing less, grew greater. By last spring she was so fragile that every one who saw her felt that she was a shadow. And one look at her great sad eyes was enough to bring the tears to the eyes of those who called.

Two weeks ago it became certain that her death was only a matter of a few days. The child seemed to know it, and began to say to her father, "She talked to every one about it, and refused to believe that law could be so cruel as to prevent him from seeing his little girl before she died. It seemed to be so, however, and, although every lawyer in town was consulted and was trying to devise some plan by which it could be done, not one of them could think of anything."

Richard Crowley, who had been her father's lawyer, set to work to get the trial of another official of the Merchants' Bank fixed for as early a date as possible. When he had made some progress with this he went before Judge Miller and applied for a writ of habeas corpus for Arnold so that he could testify.

### IT WAS A FLIMSY EXCUSE.

But the judge, sitting in a court of mercy and not in a court of justice, promptly granted the writ. This was Saturday afternoon. Sunday morning Arnold, in citizen's clothes, started for jail.

In the evening he was with his daughter. When the door opened and he came in and caught her in his arms, she threw her arms about his neck and put her cheek against his and gave a long sigh. "I knew he was here," she said, "and I was crying, the keeper was wiping his eyes. The little girl was quite calm."

"Now lay me in the bed, father," she said. "I am so tired. It was so long waiting for you."

She lay there, her face as white as the pillow, her big eyes, bright as they had not been for two years, fixed upon her father. Her tiny hand was nestled in his. She was perfectly quiet, as the hours passed, except that now and then she would give a faint sigh and say "Oh, I am so happy."

### WISHED HIM TO PLAY.

When her mother had prayed, her father still holding the little girl's hand as he knelt beside her bed, the child whispered: "And oh, God, you were very good to bring me my dear father." The doctor leaned over her presently, because her eyes had shut and her breath was fluttering. "She is dead," he said in a low voice.

Arnold threw himself upon the bed and began to sob. The child opened her eyes and let her long, slender, almost transparent fingers rest upon his cheek. "Good-by, father," she whispered. "I am going. Good-by. I shall see you some day." Then she died, and the smile that was on her lips then was fastened there by death. Arnold was permitted to stay here until the funeral is over. He will then be in all probability go back to prison, and return when the third trial of J. S. Helmer, president of the bank, comes on. Arnold will testify against him.

## A PICTURE OF SIBERIA.

### RUSSIA'S GREAT RAILWAY ACROSS THE EMPIRE.

Something About the Passengers, Restaurants, and Stations—Emigration Has Been Very Fast—A Hundred Thousand Colonists Cross the Ural.

The great Siberian railway, properly speaking, begins at Cheliabinsk, nearly 1,400 miles beyond Moscow writes a correspondent. This preliminary journey can be made in three days and four nights, on the whole not uncomfortably, at the exceedingly cheap rate of about thirty-seven and a half rubles, or some twenty dollars, for a first-class ticket. The fare all the way from St. Petersburg is proportionately even cheaper, as the Russian Government a few months ago introduced the system of a rapidly decreasing rate of mileage for long distances. The trip is only moderately interesting. The country passed through is flat, and seems fertile and prosperous. The crowds at the stations are the usual picturesque red-shirted mob, with a sprinkling of the original native inhabitants as one goes to the eastward. The Volga is crossed on an iron bridge 1,484 metres long a few hours before the train reaches Samara. What one sees of the passage through the Ural is decidedly pretty, but to a foreigner hardly more, though the Russian, accustomed to level or rolling plains, is moved to much enthusiasm by mountains and valleys.

Cheliabinsk is beyond the mountains, and already in Asia, but not in Siberia. It is here in the Government of Orenburg.

### THE POPULATION.

which is somewhere between fifteen and twenty-five thousand, is rapidly increasing, thanks to the railway, and is likely to continue to do so, as from here a branch line is being built to the Perm-Tumen road, which crosses the Ural further north. The station, in true Russian fashion, is a good mile and a half from the city, and about it a suburb is quickly growing up. The place itself is in some ways not unlike some of our own western ones of the same size, with its unpainted white, most of the houses are unpainted and weather-stained, giving a generally dark effect. Very different, too, is the population, with its soldiers and officials in uniform, its peasants (for the lower classes in the Russian town still are peasants, long bearded, red-shirted, its Tartars and Kirghis, the latter of whom are apt to be in the surrounding country, from which they come in to market. The streets are broad and shaded, with the low houses, often of logs, straggling along loosely on either side; and carriages for hire abound, as the distances are considerable and the climate is not too hot for walking. Besides the churches, most of the chief buildings are public ones, such as official residences, schools, the offices of the railway, etc. The shops are small, but apparently not ill supplied. Here and there one may see the omnipresent bicycle.

### THE TRANS-SIBERIAN.

itself is at present finished and open from Cheliabinsk to Omsk, a distance of 741 miles, or about 500 miles. It takes nearly 48 hours to traverse this, not so much on account of the easy slowness of the train, but because at only one station does it stop for less than twenty minutes, while an hour or more is not infrequently our train was a very long one and packed, many of the upper-class passengers being in the first few cars. For a long time it was crowded with soldiers, and three thousand men were going to work on another section of the road. Besides several baggage-cars, etc., there were several classes for travellers. There were no first-class cars, and the two second-class were borrowed from elsewhere, and so old, bad, and overcrowded were they that, like many of the old-fashioned second-class cars, I preferred to ride third. These things were the best I have ever seen, new built, except for the fine line, and capable at night of being turned into sleepers with three tiers of beds, thus insuring each of us a whole one, if it was only a board.

The five fourth-class cars were like freight cars, a few of them were, and were provided with benches filled with men, women and children, a sturdy cheerful crowd, not at all miserable in appearance, bound for the broad vacant lands in the East. Emigration to Siberia has increased very rapidly in the last few years. For a long time it was unwisely discouraged by the Government, which made futile efforts to check or limit it. This policy has now been abandoned, and last year well over

### A HUNDRED THOUSAND.

colonists crossed the Ural, the majority of them by the north to Tomsk. There are very few cases of emigration, such as exhaustion of the soil or growth of the population till the lands of the Mir or commune are overcrowded; but perhaps the chief one is the restless, wandering spirit so characteristic of the Russian peasant. The extension of railways must stimulate this emigration.

Such of the stations as were finished were satisfactory brick buildings, with granite water-towers near by, and each with its emphyre garden. At each the first was the same. Knowing that the wait would be a long one, the passengers streamed out for air, exercise, and refreshment. Three times a day we came to a buffet with very tolerable food, and more than ample leisure was allowed for a meal, which was served in a separate place there was a great samovar filled with boiling water from which anyone could fill his precious tea-kettle gratis. A little way off, kept at this respectful distance by the orders of the gendarme who paced the platform, there a crowd of peasants with wild strawberries, or fish, or vegetables, or kumars, for sale, and from them the emigrants seemed to get most of their food, which they eked out with much tea. The town or village that the station represented was frequently not in sight, but in no case very far. Instead, there stood nondescript vehicles to carry any possible visitor to it.

### AMONG THE LOAFERS.

about were good-natured-looking Kirghis, men of a marked Mongolian type, and clad in sheepskins, with the wool inside. They are largely still in a pastoral state, and own much of the land in this region, to the detriment of the more pushing western intruder.

There are but two towns of any importance along the route—Kurgan and Pavlovsk—each with some ten to fifteen thousand inhabitants. The whole way lies through a prairie broken by occasional patches of woods or now and then a salt lake. The soil seemed to be a layer of black earth over sand, the degree of fertility varying with the thickness of the layer and its intertexture with sand. It can be fearfully cold here in winter, and must often be equally hot and dusty in summer; but, thanks to cloudy weather and occasional showers, we, at least, had nothing to complain of in this respect. Thus for two days and nights we jogged along until, on the third morning, we saw before us, rolling northward, the great river Irtysh, partly spanned by a fine, half-finished railway bridge. By us were some wooden barracks for a temporary station, and in the distance four or five miles off, the roofs and domes of the capital of this region, the city of Omsk.

### LONDON'S WATER SUPPLY.

Forty Gallons of Carefully Purified Water Allowed Each Person Daily.

The whole of Greater London, covering an area of about 630 miles, is supplied by these organizations, whose powers and districts are defined by law. The six Thames companies are allowed to draw a maximum supply of 120,000,000 gallons a day; the East London is allowed to take 33,000,000 gallons, and the New River 22,500,000 gallons a day from the Lea; the rest comes from the chalk wells; there is also, however, a supplementary supply of water from several of the gravel beds by the side of the Thames, in times of flood or drought this natural store is very useful. In March, last year, 150,000,000 gallons of filtered water were required every day for the supply of London, which gave an average of about 33 gallons to each person in the area.

But in March last the consumption had increased so greatly that the daily total was 220,000,000 gallons, or 40 gallons per head. Every drop of the water had been

### CAREFULLY PURIFIED.

with the exception of that from the wells. For this purpose, the companies have 114 filter beds, covering 117 1/2 acres. Every company except the Kent has storage reservoirs, in which water is kept in readiness for emergencies. There are storage reservoirs for unfiltered water covering 474 1/2 acres, and holding about 1,200,000 gallons, and sixty filtered water reservoirs holding 217,000,000 gallons. That is to say, if every source of supply were to cut off, London would have enough water in store for a little more than a week.

The pumping operations represent an enormous expenditure of force. The South-West Company, for instance, pumps 12,000,000 gallons every day a distance of eighteen miles to Nuneham, with a rise of 215 feet, for distribution thence to the other parts of the district. The pipes, too, are often enormous in size, some of the tunnels being nine feet in diameter. As for the length, there are in all London 5,500 miles of water pipes, on which there are some 27,025 hydrants. It is hard to get some more figures an adequate conception of the extent of London's water supply, but the enormous stream of water flows steadily into the houses of the city, and is then distributed, after filtration and purification, and the system contrasts curiously with the old New River water carts and Chelsea's wooden pipes.

### "Grave Signal."

The chances of being interred alive by mistake while in a state of catalepsy are probably one in 10,000,000, but nevertheless, a man has patented a novel contrivance, the "grave signal." It comprises a tube in addition to the alarm. The tube is fitted with air valves. Upon the slightest revival, it is contended—although no one apparently has tried it six feet under ground—the signal is raised and relief is afforded.

The stage exhibitions work very well, it is said, but undertakers have come forward to oppose the plan. They think the latest test would be if the inventor would submit to a bona fide burial. The patentee admits that his invention is a contrivance for the benefit of the living, and is destined soon to revolutionize funerals, by as men learn to walk with stuffed ankles on ice.

### An American Melnotte.

Mrs. Melnotte—And is this the home you have prepared for me? Claude—Calm yourself my dear. Your safety and well-being have been my only thought.

Huh! My safety and well-being! How can either be insured by this miserable shanty? Here, my dear, you need have no fear of burglars.

### How Horses Walk On Ice.

Although a rubber horseshoe has been invented for use on icy pavements, nothing satisfactory seems to have been found for horses compelled to travel upon wet asphalt. It is noticeable that horses accustomed to asphalt learn the trick of stepping cautiously as men learn to walk with stuffed ankles on ice.

### Temptation.

Tom—You don't mean to say that you paid \$100 a week board at Fashion Beach this summer? You never earn half that! Dick—No, but I had the money saved up, you know. Tom—I wouldn't have spent it that way. Dick—Yes, you would, if you'd been in the place. Two hundred pretty girls and I'm the only man there.

### A Puzzled Beauty.

Mother (suspiciously)—Didn't I see that young man kissing you as I passed the parlor-door last night? Pretty Daughter (innocently)—I don't see how you could. Your glasses were in the parlor mantle.

### William Likes Cigars.

The Emperor of Germany has a fancy for Havana cigars about seven inches in length. Each is enclosed in a glass tube hermetically sealed, so that the delicate tobacco, remaining in one temperature, never gets out of condition.

Mrs. Lois Eames Wood, of Worcester, Mass., celebrated her 101st birthday last week. She is still active and vigorous.







## Consumption.

## THE TIMES

Published Every Friday.

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Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

WALTER SCOTT, Proprietor.  
Subscription, \$1.50 per year.

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**JOB PRINTING**  
Our Job department is equipped with every appliance necessary for turning out first class work at shortest notice. Prices moderate.

## The Moose Jaw Times.

"And what is writ, is writ,  
Would it were worthier!" —Byron.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1895.

### IMMIGRATION.

"In times of peace prepare for war," is an adage that may be applied in the development of the country as well as in the defence of it.

From the Winnipeg Free Press we copy the following note:—

"A number of gentlemen from the city council are preparing to attend the immigration convention at St. Paul next week. With these and Hon. Messrs. Daly and Greenway, who have also been invited, there is at any rate the certainty that Manitoba and the North West will not sit on the back benches during the convention, and not be heard from. If unable to see just what the outcome of practical benefit to Manitobans can result from the convention, there can at least be no harm in our citizens being heard there; especially as our aldermanic delegates attend wholly at their own expense and not at that of the city, as a correspondent of an evening paper suggested."

In the past, immigration work has been conducted under peculiar circumstances, at least the result of the different schemes and policies have been matters of consideration and mystery to those who have not had the confidence of the promoters. So far we are constrained to think immigration work has not been in the interest of the immigrant but in the interest of the monopolist.

The only inducement for a settler to locate in this North-Western country at present is the abundance of room, and even in that he finds himself crowded after a year or so. The first loss is sometimes the best and in justice to ourselves and to those who come after we should take this matter in hand honestly, so that those who are located here in the future will make good and contented citizens. Returns so far have been altogether out of proportion to what the settlers have had to pay for living, and until this is remedied the settlement of the country will be retarded. If this cannot be accomplished and we are too far from market to make the raising of a certain commodity a paying investment where is the necessity for spending money advertising it. Would it not be better to develop resources that would pay. The present low price of wheat is kept still further down by the long haul. The C. P. R. can hardly be expected to work for nothing. The middlemen have got to live, and after their modest requirements are satisfied the balance left for the farmer is generally in the form of a debt drawing 15 per cent. interest. If a country is prosperous it must be general. Here business can be summed up in three classes: mercantile, stock, farming, and in some parts mining. Manufacturing has not been pushed, owing to the absence of many necessities that can be procured easier elsewhere. It is not the home of tradesmen and mechanics unless they enter the different vocations mentioned above. If those who have pretended to be honest in their endeavor to settle the North-West had devoted their energy towards reducing the cost of living this question would long have been solved. The heavy drain on the present settlers is the cause of their present condition and it would be much better for the

Government to pay in one bulk the amount required to accomplish this than to spend occasionally a sum for the maintenance of the settlers, not to mention the fabulous sums that are dropped annually into the coffers of political succours who talk for a living without any regard for the country or those who have been gulled by their oily tongues.

As stated by the Free Press, the gentlemen who will attend the convention are going at their own expense to watch the proceedings. As many of the best reforms have originated in Manitoba it is to be hoped that an honest policy will be suggested in this matter. A contented and prosperous people are the best immigration agents, and the sooner we interest ourselves in those who are here the sooner will the country be settled.

### Not Prepared to Try It.

She—No, Ned, it wouldn't be judicious for us to marry until after you have had your salary increased.

He (pleadingly)—But two can live cheaper than one, you know, Nellie.

She—Yes, I know, that's what people say. As a matter of fact they have to—Somerville Journal.

### Still at It.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, the poet and novelist, recently encountered a Canadian bishop whom he had known in his boyhood. The Right Reverend promptly inquired: "Ah, Gilbert. And are you still writing your—ah—little books?" Mr. Parker answered promptly: "Yes, Bishop. And are you still preaching your—ah—little sermons?"

### Helping Each Other.

Mr. Cawker—I admire the helpful spirit the Wilberforce boys display. They are always doing what they can for each other.

Mr. Cums—What have they done lately?

Mr. Cawker—John has become a dentist, while James has established a candy factory.—Life.

### The Queen's Shawl

Queen Victoria is also Empress of India. One of the valuable products of India are cashmere shawls, which are so expensive as to be bought only by people who have at least comparative wealth. Queen Victoria has many of these shawls sent her as gifts. These she in turn presents to others. Recently she sent one of these shawls to a queen of a small African tribe not far from Cape Town. The nights are cold where this queen lives, so she dipped the beautiful shawl in melted fat, to make it warmer, and used it as a blanket.

### The Farmer's Paper.

Since its first issue The Toronto Weekly Globe has been noted for its deep and enduring interest in the welfare of the Canadian farmer. What pertains to the advancement of that portion of the community has been kept steadily in the forefront, and the agriculturalists of the country have not been slow to recognize its mainly independence and forceful utterances on their behalf in the great struggle of the past. To day it is as truly the farmer's friend as at any time in its career, and as a newspaper it is better than ever. Every page is brimful of good reading. The special departments for the practical farmer and the home circle are always delightfully entertaining and instructive. In enterprise as a newspaper it has no successful rival.

### Prohibition in Maine.

When the main liquor law was enacted forty-four years ago there were thirty-five distilleries in the state, says an eastern exchange, seven of which were in the city of Portland, also many breweries. West India rum was imported into Portland by the cargo and largely sold; licensed taverns, saloons and groceries abounded all over the state and Maine was the poorest state in the Union. Now there is not a distillery or brewery in the state, nor is any West India rum imported, nor is there any place where intoxicating drinks can be legally sold, and a generation has grown up who have never seen a licensed saloon or tavern; in the rural parts of the state the poorhouses and jails are practically empty and the courts have but little criminal business. The law is violated some in the cities, where the authorities are remiss in not seeing that its provisions are enforced, but that is not the fault of the law, but the fault of those who should enforce it.

Relief in Six Hours.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by W. W. Bole Druggist.

### Ordinances of 1895.

The following is a list of the Ordinances of the North-West Territories passed in the first session of the Third Legislative Assembly, held at Regina between August 29th, and September 30th, 1895:—

1.—An Ordinance for granting to the Lieutenant Governor certain sums of Money to defray the expenses of the Public Service of the Territories for the twelve months ending 31st August, one thousand eight hundred and ninety six, and for other purposes relating thereto.  
2.—An Ordinance respecting Commissioners to make enquiries concerning Public Matters.

3.—An Ordinance to repeal Ordinance No. 12 of 1892, intitled "An Ordinance respecting the Veterinary Profession."

4.—An Ordinance to repeal Ordinance No. 2 of 1893, intitled "An Ordinance respecting Revenue and Expenditure."

5.—An Ordinance to amend Chapter 5 of the Revised Ordinances, 1888, intitled "An Ordinance respecting Controverted Elections."

6.—An Ordinance to amend Chapter 15 of the Revised Ordinances, 1888, intitled "An Ordinance respecting Stations."

7.—An Ordinance to further amend the Judiciary Ordinance.

8.—An Ordinance to amend and consolidate as amended the law relating to Mortgages and Sales of Personal Property.

9.—An Ordinance to amend and consolidate as amended the law respecting the Legal Profession.

10.—An Ordinance to amend and consolidate as amended the Ordinances respecting Deputy Clerks and Deputy Sheriffs.

11.—An Ordinance respecting the Legislative Assembly of the Territories.

12.—An Ordinance respecting Veterinary Surgeons.

13.—An Ordinance to provide for the better Auditing of the Public Accounts of the Territories.

14.—An Ordinance respecting Aliens.

15.—An Ordinance to amend Ordinance No. 8 of 1893, intitled, "The Game Ordinance."

16.—An Ordinance to provide for the Investigation of Accidents by Fire.

17.—An Ordinance respecting Villages.

18.—An Ordinance respecting Stock injured by Railway Trains.

19.—An Ordinance to further amend Ordinance No. 20 of 1892, intitled, "An Ordinance Respecting Agricultural Societies."

20.—An Ordinance to amend and consolidate as amended the Statute Labor and Fire District Ordinance.

21.—An Ordinance to further amend Chapter 20 of the Revised Ordinances, 1888, intitled, "An Ordinance Respecting Marriages."

22.—An Ordinance to amend and consolidate as amended the Ordinance respecting Bulls.

23.—An Ordinance to amend Ordinance No. 19 of 1894, intitled, "An Ordinance Respecting Stray Animals."

24.—An Ordinance respecting Threshers' Liens.

25.—An Ordinance to amend the "Municipal Ordinance."

26.—An Ordinance respecting Masters and Servants.

27.—An Ordinance to amend Ordinance No. 7 of 1892, intitled, "An Ordinance respecting the Assessment of Railways."

28.—An Ordinance to further amend "The Liquor License Ordinance, 1891-92."

29.—An Ordinance to amend and consolidate as amended the Ordinance respecting Schools.

30.—An Ordinance to amend Ordinance No. 22 of 1890, intitled, "The Calgary General Hospital Ordinance."

31.—An Ordinance to Amend Ordinance No. 27 of 1888, intitled, "The Medicine Hat General Hospital Ordinance."

32.—An Ordinance to incorporate the Catholic Parishes and Missions in the Diocese of St. Albert.

33.—An Ordinance to legalize By-law No. 6 of the "School District of the Town of Moose Jaw Protestant

Public School District No. One of the North-West Territories" and proceedings thereunder, and to change the Corporate name of the said District.

34.—An Ordinance respecting the Incorporation of Subordinate Lodges of the Grand Lodge of Manitoba. Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons.

35.—An Ordinance respecting the exemption of Wapella Flour Mill property from School Taxation.

36.—An Ordinance to amend Ordinance No. 22 of 1894, intitled "An Ordinance to provide for aiding the construction of the Wolseley and Fort Qu'Appelle Railway."

### Her First Appearance.

Mary Anderson de Navarro in her stage career memoirs, which will be published in The Ladies Home Journal (the opening chapters in the December issue), gives the public a most interesting and entertaining view of the trials and hardships she successfully combated in following out her conviction that the stage presented to her the opportunity for a splendid career. She exultantly refers to her debut in Louisville, Kentucky, on Saturday evening, November 27th, 1875, upon which occasion the "tall, shy and awkward" girl of sixteen interpreted Shakespeare's love-lorn "Juliet." The performance was arranged upon two days' notice—time for but a single rehearsal—and the aspirant Kentucky girl was jubilant when the theatre and a stock company were offered her, upon condition that she play without pay. Her happiness, however, was not unclouded, for of that event she writes with touching pathos: "That Thursday" (the day that her first appearance was arranged) "was one of the happiest days of all my life, filled as it was with the brightest hope and anticipation. Only one black cloud hung over it: the thought of Nonie and my grandparents who were all very dear to me. Had I known then that I would never see the face of the former, that he would die, my mother and I far away from him, and that almost until his death he would refuse to forgive or see me unless I abandoned the stage-life which he thought so injurious—nay sinful—I would even then have renounced what was within my grasp. This strange, sad-sounding many years of my life, and has cast a shadow over all the otherwise bright and happy memories of him who was the father, friend and playmate of my childhood days."

Mrs. D. Navarro evidently did not suffer from stage fright, the crushing terror of debutantes, for she writes that she stood impatiently waiting for her "cue" to go on. At last it came. "Then, in a flash, I was on the stage, conscious only of a wall of light before me, and a burst of prolonged applause."

The performance was filled with rather depressing incidents; one of the players forgot his lines and had to be prompted by the youthful star; "Romeo" neglected to bring his dagger, and "Juliet" had to perform her dispatch with a hairpin, while the lamp that hung in "Juliet's" tomb fell and badly burned her hands and arms. "Despite these," she writes, "the night was a success, and I knew that my stage career had begun in earnest."

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.—Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart gives perfect relief in all cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for palpitation, shortness of breath, smothering spells, pain in left side and all symptoms of a diseased heart. One dose convinces. Sold by W. W. Bole.

THE ART OF CURING  
SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM,  
NEURALGIA,  
PAINS IN BACK OR SIDE  
OR ANY MUSCULAR PAINS  
LIES IN USING  
MENTHOL PLASTER.

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## - FALL - STOCK -

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Overcoatings in Montagnes, Naps, Beaver, Meltons, Pilots, Pea Jackets, Black French Worsteds in all shades and fancy checks, Cheviots, English, Irish and Scotch Tweeds, Black French Trousering and Fancy Strips, Rubber Coats, Fur Collars and Cuffs in Otter, Beaver, Nutria, and Persian Lamb. The above lines are all new goods.

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KINNAIRD, SHAW & CO.,

Midnapore Mills,

CALGARY, - N.W.T.,

Are prepared to give a fair price for wool delivered at Midnapore Siding on the Calgary & Edmonton railway in exchange for Blankets, Flannels, Tweeds and Yarns, all manufactured of pure fresh wool, and free from shoddy or admixture of any kind, at fair current prices.

These goods are similar to home spun, and of good wearing quality.

Blankets, any color or size, \$5 to \$8 a pair.  
Tweed, from 60c. to \$1 a yard.  
Flannels, from 30c. to 50c.  
Shirts, from \$2.00 to \$2.50  
Vests and Drawers, \$1.25 to \$1.50  
Suits to measure, \$16 to \$18.

Samples or instructions for self measurement sent on application.

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ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

Choice brands of Imported and Domestic Cigars and Cigarettes, always on hand.

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House-keepers, hold your orders as I have made arrangements with one of the largest fruit growers in B. C. to supply me with all kinds of fruit for preserving and other purposes. I buy and pay cash to the growers and save commission men's profit, and I mean to and will sell cheaper than any one in town.

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With a cough, cold or sore throat, use a remedy that relieves the inflamed membrane of the larynx or bronchial tubes.

## PYNY-PECTORAL

Is a certain remedy based on a clear knowledge of the diseases it was created to cure.

LARGE BOTTLE 25 CENTS.

## OYSTERS IN BULK.

Prepared to suit the most fastidious. Cooked to please every customer—in every known style and form.

HARRY HEALEY, THE CONFECTIONER.

## Ottawa Hotel.

Elaborately fitted up with latest improvements. Lighted throughout with electric light. Billiard hall and commercial rooms in connection. Every accommodation for the travelling public.

Choice Liquors and Cigars.

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Hogs bought and sold. Fine Dressed Hogs on hand for sale.

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First-Class Livery Rigs.

Best accommodation for the travelling public.

Draying to all parts of the town.

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### Church Directory.

**BAPTIST CHURCH.**  
Supt. Sunday School—J. E. Battell.  
Services—Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock; Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p.m.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**  
Pastor—Rev. T. G. McLeod.  
Services—Sunday 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School 2:30 p.m.; Monday, Y.P.S. C. E. at 8; Wednesday, Prayer Meeting, 8 p.m.; Everybody welcome.

**METHODIST CHURCH.**  
Pastor—Rev. T. Ferrier.  
Weekly Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday School 2:30 p.m.; E. L. C. E. Monday evening at 8 p.m.; Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.  
The public are cordially invited. All seats free.

**CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.**  
Incumbent—Rev. Wm. Watson.  
Sunday Services: Matins at 11 o'clock; Holy Eucharist monthly; Sunday School and Adult Bible Class at 2:30; Evening at 7:30; Special Evening every Friday at 7:30 (choir practice afterwards); Matins daily at 8:30; Evening 7:30. Holy Baptism at any service.  
All seats free and unappropriated.

### Mary and Her Lamb.

Mary had a little lamb;  
You do not look surprised;  
Of course you don't for Mary has  
Been widely advertised.  
And something you may learn from this,  
If you are not a dandy;  
You can be just as widely known  
As Mary and her lamb.  
Your name can be a household word,  
And you be known as well,  
That folks will confidently buy  
The goods you have to sell.  
And when once you have got yourself  
Into the cheering rays  
Of the sunlight of publicity,  
You bet your life it pays.

### Photography as a Cure For Drunkenness.

We recommend this story to the attention of our temperance contemporaries, "perpetually adding," as Mr. Richard Swiveller would say, that "if it isn't true, it's very good." "A woman in Slomville, Pa., determined that her husband should know how he looked when he was drunk. She knew how he looked well enough, and need not that any man should tell her. Her children also knew by sad experience, but the man himself had a very imperfect idea of the state of his case. So, once, when he came home and sent for a photographer to come forthwith, and on his arrival she set before him his work. She ordered the photographer to photograph her husband as he sat in the chair. The photographer did his work, and did it well; and when the photograph was finished and laid beside the husband's place at breakfast it was a revelation, and the sober gentleman experienced a decidedly new sensation. There was no need of explanation; the thing explained itself. There was no chance for contradiction; the sun tells no lies. There was no room for argument; a reform has taken place."—Scientific American.

### Sparkles.

"A little nonsense now and then,  
Is relished by the wisest men."

Little Ned—"Must I sleep in the dark?" Ma—"Yes." Little Ned—"Well, then, wait a minute. I'll get up and say my prayers a little more carefully."

Johnny—"I suppose papa didn't bother his papa much asking questions." Ma—"Why do you think so, Johnny?" Johnny—"Well, his papa couldn't have told him much, anyhow."

Mrs. Gray (to a friend who has been to the prayer meeting)—"Did you have a good meeting?" Mrs. White—"Rather uninteresting. None of the men who spoke had ever done anything bad."

"Keep your temper, laddie. Never quarrel with an angry person, specially a woman. Mind ye, a soft answer's eye best. It's commanded—and forbes, it makes them far madder than any thing else ye could say."

Magistrate (severely)—"You are charged with kissing this young lady against her will and on the public high way." Prisoner—"She was in a bicycle costume, and I mistook her for my long lost brother." Magistrate (riskily)—"Discharged. Call the next case."

A brace of pheasants were once awarded by a theatrical manager to a well-known newspaper critic. He did not know what to do with them; it seemed a foolish fuss to send them back, and yet—So he told his editor what had happened, and asked his advice. "How long have you had them?" asked the editor. "Eight days," the critic answered. "Then eat them up quickly, or it will be worse than a case of bribery—it will be bribery and corruption."

Catarth Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarth Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarth, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. 60 cents. Sold by W. W. Bole.

### An American on the British Empire.

The Hon. Justice Field, of the United States Supreme Court, recently passed through Canada, and a long account of an interview with him appears in the *Montreal Daily Witness*. In reply to a remark by the correspondent, who observed, "You have beaten us in the race for population," the judge said, "There were special causes for that. But you are bound to prosper. Greatness will come in time. It always does where England plants her foot; and that not because of her might, but for a nobler reason. Wherever England plants her foot she at once establishes order; she makes laws which protect life and property. And those who place themselves under that flag stay under it, assured that they can sit under their own vine and fig tree. That is the secret of the British Empire—that it stands for order, for the success of human life, for the protection of every interest, however humble. You have a great country and are part of a mighty empire. When I think of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India and this great country to the north of us, I am filled with wonder. 'Do you think this unwieldy empire will last?' 'Justice and righteousness will make it last,' replied the venerable judge. 'These form the cement which bind nations together. If they are absent, no nation can prosper. It may appear to be great for a time, but it will eventually go down to ruin. England's rule, in the main, is for justice and righteousness, and therefore, I would safely predict permanence for her great empire.'

Speaking of the relations between Britain and the United States, the judge said: "The only rivalry between the two countries, enlightened and tolerant, will be an industrial rivalry, of which we cannot have too much. English speaking people, whether American or British, understand justice and will eventually do right. It is not their genius to do other. If there be irritation it will pass away; local acerbities will vanish. We are growing out of localism; we are taking the larger view. 'Whether Canada will go on to nationhood,' said the judge, in answer to another question, 'or become a part of the United States, who can tell? One thing is certain—Canada can never be coerced to join us. No sane person would think of such a thing. If, after carefully considering the problem, both countries agree that it would be best to obliterate the imaginary boundary line and become one, then I think their desires could be accomplished. But it is madness to talk of coercion. The day of force is over. We are having, and will have, more and more the reign of wisdom; and it will be wisdom and good feeling which will ultimately determine this matter.'

### How to Get the Best Results from Farm Poultry.

Prize Essay by D. Stewart, Upper Kent, N.B.

This is a question that should interest every farmer, and is worthy of far more attention than it receives from farmers generally, for this reason: The farmer can, if he is systematic, and has his henhouse near the stables, or sheep pens, care for one hundred fowls with little extra labor. Besides, poultry, when given good care, give better results for the amount of food consumed than any other kind of stock on the farm.

On the other hand, if they are neglected, as too many are, they cannot pay. Take, for example, the farmer whose fowls are left to roost in any out-of-the-way place they can find, and are only fed when some one happens to think of it, their only supply of water the snow that has drifted in through the cracks or around the doors of the buildings. The result cannot be better than disappointing. However, if the farmer wishes returns that will change his opinion of poultry, the first and most important step is to improve the breed. If he is wide awake and subscribes for a good agricultural paper he will find advertisements of all leading varieties in its columns, reliable and at reasonable figures. Some farmers, no doubt, will say, "What! \$2 for a setting of eggs, when we only get twelve or fifteen cents per dozen for ours?" Yes, it will certainly pay to give \$2 for a setting of eggs from any of the leading varieties of poultry to improve your flocks. I do not advise farmers to try to keep pure-bred flocks of poultry (that is better left to the professional-breeder), but by bringing in new blood every other year, they can, in a few years, have poultry that will equal the purebred, save in the show-room. This has been my practice for a good many years, and I have not been disappointed in any importation. As to which breed is best suited for the farm, every farmer must decide for himself. This much is certain: if the farmer will invest in any of the pure breeds of poultry, and give them proper care, the results, when compared with the old style, will be on a different scale from what they have been.

Having decided which breed he will select to improve his flock, the next thing is the care of the chicks. An improvement on the old plan of letting the hen wander all over the field with

her brood is to provide coops without bottoms. When the chicks are a few days old, the hen may be put in the coop and the chicks can go out or in at will. Place the coops in the orchard, or, better still, on the edge of a vegetable garden, as the chicks will find lots of insects, and grow faster, than if allowed to roam through the wet grass. In this way the farmer, or any member of his family, can tend one or even two hundred chicks in a few minutes every day.

With liberal feeding, the pullets of an early-maturing breed, as the White Leghorn, will, if hatched early in May, begin laying by October 1st. This is the time when farmers should be on the alert, preparing for winter, repairing old buildings or erecting new, as they think best. Having got the house ready, the next question is, How to feed for profit. The farmer should give this, as well as other branches of his business, personal supervision, and not trust too much to his boy. Those who think it only boys' work to manage the poultry on the farm will have to be content with boys' pay for their trouble. This, then, is my advice to farmers to get the best results from farm poultry: Keep only young fowls; study their habits; be leisurely in your movements while amongst them. Feed and water judiciously and regularly. Give a variety of food. The morning ration of warm mash should always be given as soon as the fowls can see to eat it. At noon, two quarts of wheat scattered in the litter is sufficient for fifty fowls. Feed grain liberally at night. Give them comfortable quarters near the stables or sheep pens, that they may have the run of the pens or scratch in the manure pile, as this prevents egg eating and other bad habits. Poultry will not pay if confined, even in proof-houses. Clean out the house and apply fresh litter—either chaff or cut straw—to the floor every other day, at least. Place a shallow box, full of ashes, in a sunny position, for the fowls to dust in. Supply fine gravel and lime, also green food in the form of cabbage, or raw turnips, and use every means to keep them laying from September to April, when eggs are worth twice as much as in summer. Some people may think all this too much trouble, but it is attention to the minutest details that increases the profits. Last, but most important of all, introduce new blood from some reliable breeder every other year. Subscribe for a good agricultural paper, and keep posted in all matters relating to the poultry raising. If farmers would try this plan of caring for their poultry, instead of tolerating them as a necessary evil, as many do, the result would be a handsome profit.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes it once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by W. W. Bole, Druggist.

### A Beautiful Picture. FREE.

The Winnipeg Weekly Tribune, the biggest, lightest and best family newspaper published in Canada west of Lake Superior, is again to the front with an unparalleled offer. The paper for the balance of this year is given free to all new subscribers for 1896—that is \$1 secures the paper from now to the first of January, 1897. Read this great offer the publishers are presenting every subscriber for the coming year with a magnificent premium picture entitled.

### "THE FAMILY PETS"

This picture has been painted specially for The Tribune by one of the best lithographers in Canada and would sell in the open market for more than the amount asked for both the paper and the picture. It is a work of art that will adorn the walls of any drawing room. It can be obtained only by subscribers to The Weekly Tribune. It will be ready for distribution about the beginning of November and will be sent to subscribers in the order in which subscriptions are received.

The Weekly Tribune—the great family paper of the North-West and the champion of the people's rights—for 15 months, and this beautiful picture, all for One Dollar. Send in your orders now. Address:

THE TRIBUNE PUB. CO., WINNIPEG.

### Sheriff's Sale.

In the Supreme Court of the North-West Territories, Judicial District of Western Assiniboia.

To Wit:

By virtue of certain Writs of Execution, issued out of the Supreme Court of the North-West Territories, Judicial District of Western Assiniboia, at the suit of Messrs. Harris Company, Limited, and E. A. Baker and Company, Plaintiffs, and James McClelland, Defendant, and to me directed against the lands of James McClelland, I have seized and taken into Execution the following lands, namely:

The south west quarter of Section 12, Township 17, Range 28, west of the second Meridian in the Provisional District of Assiniboia in the North-West Territories, which I will offer for sale on Saturday, the 21st day of December, 1895, at the Deputy Sheriff's office, Moose Jaw, N.W.T. at the hour of two o'clock, afternoon. Terms Cash.

ALEX. BRECHIN, Deputy Sheriff.

Deputy Sheriff's office, Moose Jaw, Assiniboia, September 17th, 1895.

### MECHANICAL.

J. A. MACDONALD, General Blacksmith, HIGH ST., MOOSE JAW.

A. WILSON, General Blacksmith, HIGH ST. WEST, MOOSE JAW.

James Brass, BRICK MANUFACTURER.

Makes the only Red Brick in the Territories.

Manitoba Street, Moose Jaw

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For tickets and information apply to J. K. STEVENSON, Agent, Moose Jaw, or to ROBERT KERR, Gen'l Passenger Agt., Winnipeg.

### NORTHERN PACIFIC R.R.

The Popular Route

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And all points in the United States and Canada; also the Kootenai coal mines.

Pullman Palace Vestibuled Sleeping and Dining Cars

ON EXPRESS TRAINS DAILY TO

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And all points in Eastern Canada; St. Paul and Chicago.

An opportunity to pass through the celebrated St. Clair Tunnel. Baggage is checked through in bond, and there is no customs examination.

### OCEAN PASSAGES

And Berths secured to and from Great Britain, Europe, China and Japan. All first-class steamship lines are represented.

Great Transcontinental Route to the Pacific Coast.

For tickets and further information apply to any of the company's agents, or H. SWINFORD, General Agent, Winnipeg. CHAS. S. FEE, Gen. Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul.

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Wholesale and Retail BUTCHER

Fresh meats of all kinds constantly on hand.

FISH AND POULTRY.

**SCALDS**  
and Burns are soothed at once with **Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER.**  
It takes out the fire, reduces the inflammation, and prevents blistering. It is the quickest and most effectual remedy for pain that is known. Keep it by you.

### AN EMINENT MINISTER REV. W. S. BARKER OF PETERBORO.



Mr. W. S. Barker is a young minister of Peterboro who has by his great earnestness and able exposition of the doctrines of the Bible earned for himself a place amongst the foremost ministers of Canada. He, with his most estimable wife, believe in looking after the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of mankind, hence the following statement for publication:

"I have much pleasure in recommending the Great South American Nervine Tonic to all who are afflicted as I have been with nervous prostration and indigestion. I found very great relief from the very first bottle, which was strongly recommended to me by my druggist. I also induced my wife to use it, who, I must say, was completely run down and was suffering very much from general debility. She found great relief from South American Nervine and also cheerfully recommends it to her fellow-sufferers."

"REV. W. S. BARKER."

It is now a scientific fact that certain nerve centres located near the base of the brain have entire control over the stomach, liver, heart, lungs and indeed all internal organs; that is, they furnish these organs with the necessary nerve force to enable them to perform their respective work. When the nerve centres are weakened or deranged the nerve

force is diminished, and as a result the stomach will not digest the food, the liver becomes torpid, the kidneys will not act properly, the heart and lungs suffer, and in fact the whole system becomes weakened and sinks on account of the lack of nerve force. South American Nervine is based on the foregoing scientific discovery and is so prepared that it acts directly on the nerve centres. It immediately increases the nervous energy of the whole system, thereby enabling the different organs of the body to perform their work perfectly, when disease is once disappeared. It greatly benefits in one day. Mr. Solomon Bond, a member of the Society of Friends, of Darlington, Ind., writes: "I have used six bottles of South American Nervine and I consider that every bottle did for me one hundred dollars worth of good, because I have not had a good night's sleep for twenty years on account of irritation, pain, horrible dreams, and general nervous prostration, which has been caused by chronic indigestion and dyspepsia of the stomach, and by a broken down condition of my nervous system. But now I can lie down and sleep all night as sweetly as a baby, and I feel like a sound man. I do not think there has ever been a medicine introduced into this country, which will at all compare with this as a cure for the stomach and nerves."

For Sale by **W. W. BOLE,** Moose Jaw, N.W.T.



Dr. Maragliano of Genoa is very indignant at the skepticism with which the announcement of his discovery of a cure for tuberculosis has been received by the medical profession, but he has only himself to thank for it. At the Hygienic Congress at Bordeaux, after stating that he had found antitoxin for the disease, and had successfully used it, he refused to give any information as to its composition, beyond the fact that it was extremely poisonous and was diluted in serum, and he furnished no statistics that could be controlled. Whether he was deterred from so doing by the recollection of the disastrous results of the premature disclosure of Koch's remedy, or whether he wishes to keep his secret to himself for his personal profit, has not been explained, and is immaterial. A discovery of such incalculable benefit to humanity is not of the kind that can be monopolized. If Dr. Maragliano has really found something that can be a cure for tuberculosis he should at once communicate his discovery to his fellow physicians, that it may be thoroughly tested in as many cases as possible. Till he does this his conduct can only be looked upon as unscientific and unprofessional, and he himself will be looked upon with suspicion as a humbug. There have been too many false hopes raised by the announcement of panaceas for consumption that have failed when put to the test, for any reasonable man to expect to be believed on his own unsupported assertion. Let Dr. Maragliano tell us what he has found out.

"Dismemberment of Turkey." It is not strange that Europe, as well as the Sultan, is startled at the possibilities which this ominous word portends. Whether or not Lord Salisbury actually used the undiplomatic, blunt terms attributed to him, it is a word which has been uttered, and which has gone out into all the earth. That an end is actually at hand to the empire which has done nothing but impose fanatic bigotry, blight and ruin on what should be the fairest and most prosperous countries in the world may be too good to believe. It can at least reasonably be hoped.

But after the deluge, what? This is it which suggests the most startling part of the impending crisis. At any rate the present situation is no longer tolerable. The awakened moral sense of Christendom will not rest until some radical change in the interests of humanity shall take place. The condition not only of the people of Armenia but of the other non-Mohammedan subjects of the Porte cannot much longer be permitted. The systematic inhumanities to which they are exposed are so abominable, so fiendish, it would be the comprehensive crime of Christendom to allow it to go on.

But who shall strike the fateful blow? Can the British government, will it dare, do it alone? What will Russia consent to do? What will France do? What will Austria do? What will Germany do? Can these great powers, each with their own traditions, policies, dreams and ambitions, agree in the awful debacle of the doomed empire? If dismembered, how shall its parts and the several "spheres of influence" be appointed? And would the fierce scramble for the fragments plunge Europe itself into a common battlefield, for which all those enormous competitive war systems have these twenty-five years been in constant agony of preparation? Or, is it possible that civilization in the more enlightened and Christian nations has so far advanced that something corresponding to a general European parliament may make it possible to solve the great problem by peaceful and reasonable adjunction?

#### France's One Guillotine.

There is only one guillotine in France, all others having long since been destroyed. The one of Paris alone remains, but it travels all over the country. In the course of its peregrinations the instrument is governed by local customs, and according to their nature are executions painful or painless. In some departments the condemned is slowly taken to the place of execution through the streets, and toilet details depend on local precedents. Not long ago a prisoner was taken to early mass and meanwhile the instrument of death awaited him by the church door. In Paris only about fifteen minutes intervene from the waking of the prisoner to the fall of the head in the basket; but in the country the hungry knife is sometimes allowed to wait for the victim for hours. The condemned is entirely in the keeping of the jailer, who is responsible for the man's life—that is to say, it is his duty to deliver to the guillotine a living being. But, as things are, the prisoner is often needlessly tormented by the timidity of the keeper, who, knowing to what penalties he would be subject, is often overcautious to guard against suicide.

#### A Legal Light.

Mrs. Gadd—Ain't that darter my wife worried about havin' y'r daughter marry Mr. Brief. He's a young lawyer, an' folks say he's as poor as a church mouse.

Mrs. Gadd—Yes, he's poor now, there's no denying that; but he'll be rich some day. He's an awful rascal.

#### Worn Out.

Mr. De Rich—What! Another new street dress? Where is the last one you got?

Mrs. De Rich—I have worn it out. It isn't a week since you got it. I wore it out last Thursday.

At many of the destinations of carrier pigeons men are placed whose business it is to shoot down those birds with messages who circle round the air and waste time in

## OLD SOUVENIRS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

I see myself a small boy again, trotting by my mother's side along a sunny path on the banks of the Rhone. My father had just been stationed at the garrison of Valence. My mother, in search of a servant, was going to a village near by to see a young peasant who lived with her aunt in a mill called the "Moulin-Joli."

The prettiest place in the world seemed to a city-bred child. There were a stretch of greenward arches by laurels, with a swift little river coursing through; fields of bright flowers, and above the undulating tree-tops the gray mass of the Chateau of Crussol towered up.

We had to await the girl's return from vespers, and while the aunt told off the innumerable good qualities of her niece I slipped from the mill and raced about the green. Soon tired of my play, I sank breathless under some trees bordering the river and watched the darting of the dragon flies.

About me was the vast silence of Sunday stirred only by the trembling of the leaves and the hum of invisible insects.

"Hi! little boy, little monsieur!" Opposite me on the other bank was a girl of my own age, that is to say, from 7 to 8, kneeling in a clump of willows.

"What are you doing over there?"

"Nothing. What are you doing?"

"Fishing," and she showed me her net whose gleaming contents she emptied in a preserve jar.

"I am waiting for my mamma, who is in the mill."

"It is your mamma who has come after Mariette. She is my cousin. Have you any bread in your pocket?"

"For you?"

"No, for bait."

I went through my pockets and found a few cake crumbs.

"Come across down there and fish with me," and she showed me a bridge made by two rotted tree trunks twenty paces away.

"O but you are fine!" she said looking at my blue velvet vest and lace collar.

"But do not put your lovely white pantaloons or you will be soiled. Wait!" and like a careful little woman she unfolded her handkerchief and spread it out.

"Sit there." Then, giving me the net, she said, "I will bait. O! there are lots of fish."

I was a novice and she laughed at my awkwardness, but not maliciously. I noticed her sparkling black eyes and her little mouth, red as a raspberry and pearly with shining teeth.

"Are you coming to our house to see your cousin when she is there?" I asked suddenly.

"If you invite me."

"O! I will invite you, and so will mamma when she knows you; every Sunday if you like."

"I should like it very much," she said, clapping her hands. "I love Valence; there are such fine shops there, and then I like you already."

"Like you, too."

"But you are nice!" and with her little dimpled hands she seized my head and placed a great kiss on my cheek.

I wanted to return it, but I did not dare. She came to my aid.

"And you?"

"Then I left a respectful kiss on the tip of her ear."

"Now we are good friends."

"For sure," I answered with conviction, and we resumed our fishing with ardor.

We had been plunged for at least five minutes in this grave pursuit when a piercing voice broke the quiet with a requiem song of "Is which spread from Paris to the four corners of France."

With menacing intonations the voice drew near, while others formed a chorus.

"There is that horrid Marius Coldru come to disturb us. I hate him."

"What has he done to you?" I said.

"He is bad. He kills little birds, and he is always trying to kiss me."

"Do you let him kiss you?"

"I shudder indignantly. I scatch his face when he tries. He is a big boy, he is 11 years old, but you needn't be afraid, he will not hurt you when you are with me."

"O, I am not afraid."

I was, however, not too much reassured when I saw a fat, brutal red face emerge from the willows which I remembered to have seen as we crossed the village.

The hulking fellow led a band of four or five little rascals in Sunday clothes who were throwing stones at the ducks, scaring the hens, beating the bushes, and shouting ferociously to the dogs to bark.

and she waved her arms diddledly to express how little his gossiping mattered to her.

The day following my adventure my father went to Coldru's home and insisted on the boy's correction in his presence. To tell the truth, the morose, thieving innkeeper, distrustful by the neighbors, did this with bad grace, saying that children would be children, and that I had probably provoked his son; but Mariette, called upon as witness, told the story so clearly and so fearlessly that he was forced to flog his offspring.

"Next Sunday is my birthday," said Mariette to me that day, "and mamma invites you to come. She is going to make me a cake, and you must stay all day. Come early and we will have fun."

I went early, carrying her a birthday present, a fine doll with golden hair and eyes of blue enamel. Mariette had often admired it. Mariette carried a large bag of goodies.

In sight of the mill, I ran ahead. The door was open, and proudly happy over my gift I burst in. . . . But I stopped suddenly.

In the great kitchen where they had dried me and warmed me back to life lay my little friend on a cot, white as the sheets. Her eyes were closed by the long lashes, and great wet locks of hair spread over her face.

"Mariette! Mariette!"

"She will never hear you again," sobbed her mother. "Poor darling! poor darling!"

"She is dead!" I cried, full of horror.

"Dead, dead! Not an hour since she took life from the water. . . . She had been missing since morning, and she always would go to that dreadful river. . . . She fell into the same hole where the ugly Coldru shoved you."

"He did it!" I cried.

"Be quiet, child. If his father heard you he could make you smart."

The next day we followed the poor little flower-covered coffin to the cemetery, and as we took the village road to return I saw Coldru's head over the hedge, slyly watching.

I pointed him out to my father and he saw me, for he broke out at the top of his lungs with his revolutionary song to annoy us.

That night as I lay in my bed, weeping in the silence of the night for my little friend forever lost, I recalled the solitary path I followed, I recalled the sly, envious face and the anger against his accuser, who had become the friend of the hated aristocrat. Then the whole tragic scene spread itself before my eyes in a sort of intuitive second sight; I saw the cruel, lost, slyly quietly up behind the little figure and with a brutal push send the poor little one deep into the hole.

Years on years passed by and events without number surged into my life. Like every one I had golden hours, but the rest were in shadow, and the years piling up one above the other, made a heap which covered the faraway past.

II.

"Coldru!"

"Present."

I raised my head suddenly; this name started me like a stone. I turned with a coarse face square jaw, and shifting eyes stood a few steps from me. The past rolled back—a step of more than twenty years—piercing the black pall of the forgotten.

Alas! what was her name, the little girl with the black eyes? Marie? . . . Gerorgette? No. . . . Mariette. It was Mariette, the radiant child that this ruffian murdered.

It was he. I was certain. I searched and found the lines in the brute face of the man that had been characteristic of the brute child.

Parbleu! I recognized that head. I had heard that vast mouth howling at mass-meetings and had two or three times seen him taking notes at the Hotel de Ville among the swarm of staff officers.

The fellow wore a chief of battalion's uniform. Dolenz was giving orders. "The cannon were roaring and thundering and vomiting death on Paris."

He held a list of the five disposable battalions in his hand.

"Are you Marius Coldru?"

"Yes, Citizen Delegate."

"How many men have you?"

"A hundred and eighty."

"Go to the Place de la Concorde and place yourself under Branc's command."

The man made a military salute and departed.

I thought of following him, but I was prevented; however, I learned that the battalion never arrived at its post; the man waited a long time for their chief, then wearied and returned to the quarters.

Soon Paris was in flames and a regular and systematic massacre began. Night fell and I went for refuge to the house of my old magistrate, a friend of my family, who had foreseen the final disaster and had long since offered me an asylum.

They had hardly ripped the stripes from my trousers and given me a civilian's coat when a violent knocking was heard at the door. An officer of the national guard wearing the tricolor badge entered.

"What do you want?" asked the magistrate.

"Food and drink," replied the man hoarsely "and shelter from the bombs."

"The hotel is next door. . . . You have mistaken the house."

"The hotel is in a fine state. The Communards have sacked it. Come now, little fellow, get me a bedstead. We bring you deliverance and you begrudge a pittance to an officer. Nom de Dieu!"

"Parbleu, commandant, but it is easy to put on a badge and call one's self an officer."

"Papers. . . . you want papers stating that I am an honorable citizen, an honest man, an enemy of the mob? Hold, little fellow, satisfy your mind. . . . Coldru, Marius Coldru, wine agent. . . . well known—good account among the bourgeois—and here my good name is in the hands of a scoundrel. Read—'Ministry of the Interior. Special Mission.' Now, are you convinced?"

"Then you are of the police?"

"Provisionally. One does all one can for the honest people's triumph."

I showed myself. "I suspected as much. . . . You are a spy."

"What do you want? What does he want, this fellow? It seems to me. . . . You are one of the Communards, are you? I arrest you, my friend."

The little girl you drowned was not in politics."

"The little girl! . . . you lie. . . . Did you see me?"

"March! March!"

We were now at the foot of the stairs. Coldru stopped. I still held the revolver in my hand. . . .

"Are you going to murder me?"

"Not yet, scoundrel! I said. . . . One executes them."

He sprang upon me, trying to tear the weapon from me, and dragging me nearer the open door.

"This way," he cried, my men, help! Come. . . . Versailles. . . . I've got one."

"Not yet, scoundrel!" He fell—his left temple pierced.

The uproar outside covered his cry and the crack of the revolver. I bent over his body, tore away his badge to prevent the house from being sacked, and stormed the stairs four at a time with a great joy in my heart.

The old magistrate, whiter than the risen Lazarus, thought I had gone mad when he heard me humming some old tune of my childhood time. . . . a revolutionary song.

"You will have us all massacred," he cried.

"On the contrary," I replied, throwing the badge in the flames. I told Mariette's story in a few words. And as the old judge protested, his wife, a Corsican of the old race, cried:

"He still, sire. You men of the law know nothing of these things. Return to your imbecile code. The boy has done well."—Translated by Lucy Martin.

#### GRAINS OF GOLD.

There is something on earth grander than arbitrary power. The thunder of the lightning and the earthquake are terrific, but the judgment of the people is more,—Daniel Webster.

There is a sort of economy in Providence that one shall exult where another is defective, in order to make them more useful to each other, and mix them in society.—Addison.

Solitude relieves us when we are sick of company, and conversation when we are weary of being alone, so that one cures the other. There is no man so miserable as he that is at a loss how to use his time.—Seneca.

For everything that is given something is taken. Society acquires new arts, and loses old instincts. The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet; he has a fine Geneva watch, but can not tell the hour by the sun.—Emerson.

One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance.—Carlyle.

The passions of mankind are partly protective, partly beneficent, like the chaff and grain of the corn; but none without their evil, and without nobleness when seen in balanced unity with the rest of the spirit which they are charged to defend.—Ruskin.

We never can say why we love, but only that we love. The heart is ready enough at feigning excuses for all that it does on images of wrong; but ask it to give a reason for any of its beautiful and disinterested, and it can only look upwards and be dumb.—Lowell.

To attain excellence in society, an assembling of qualifications is requisite; disciplined intellect, to think clearly, and to clothe thought with propriety and elegance, courage, and the ability to stand firm, subject to character; true politeness, to prevent giving pain; a deep sense of morality to preserve the dignity of speech; and a spirit of benevolence, to neutralize its asperities and sanctify its powers.—Mrs. Sigourney.

#### AFTER FORTY YEARS.

A Husband and Wife are Happily Reunited.

A despatch from Whinham, Ind., says:—By the accidental dropping of a diamond ring at the station here, the other day, a husband and wife, who had been separated for forty years, were reunited, and they left together for Boston.

Dr. Charles Mott, of Boston, stepped from the train to leave a dispatch. As he walked toward his car, a lady leaned from the window of another car, and asked the doctor to hand her a diamond ring which had just slipped from her finger, and was lying at his feet.

Dr. Mott picked up the ring and the inscription on the inside read, "Charles Mott to Vera Burns."

She cried out, "Charles, my husband."

Dr. Mott recognized the wife, who had fled from him in anger forty years before. In 1855 Dr. Charles Mott was a well-known young physician of Boston. He fell in love with Miss Vera Burns, of South Canterbury, Conn., and they were married. Mrs. Mott was jealous. One stormy night, when her husband had been detained very late by a woman patient, the crazed wife determined to stand it no longer, and packing a few personal effects, she started out into the street, leaving no trace of her whereabouts. For years the doctor sought for his wife. He gave up his business, and travelled, seeking trace of the woman who had fled from him. At last he gave up the search, and sought fortune and forgetfulness in Montana. He became very wealthy, and was on his way to New England, to revisit the scenes of his childhood, when the happy accident occurred, which reunited him to his long-lost wife.

#### She, and Another She.

He—What a sweet, modest, pretty girl that is! Do you know her?

She—Yes; it's that designing, pert, horrid Miss De Goole.

#### Main Springs of Action.

He (during a terrible family jar)—I don't believe you married me for anything but my money.

She—Hub! All the money on earth wouldn't have tempted me to marry such a thing as you.

He—Hub! Then why did you marry me?

She—To keep that stuck-up Miss Pert from getting you.

#### His Only Chance.

Goslin—I think I'll take a wife, doncher know, Miss Flipp.

Miss Flipp—If you want to get married, that will be your proper plan. I don't suppose that any woman would ever take you.

#### Time and Money.

Youth is most rich in time. As flowers are rich in honey; But after awhile we find that age is only rich in money.

## ABOUT JACK THE RIPPER.

### THE TERRIBLE CRIMINAL IS NOW CONFINED IN A MADHOUSE.

Dr. Forbes Winslow First Gave the Clue to His Identity—He Was a Well-to-do Man Suffering from Religious Mania—A Remarkable Tribute to the Science Study of the Insane.

In a long interview with a New York reporter, Dr. Forbes Winslow, the eminent Englishman now visiting that city, tells the story of the identification of the infamous Whitechapel murderer. The doctor held the theory that the assassin was a well-to-do man suffering from religious mania. Many theories had been started, and met with more or less favor. The general opinion was that the murderer was a cattle butcher visiting the slums of Whitechapel and committing a murder every time his ship came in. On the body of Mary Jane Kelly, who was murdered on Nov. 9, 1888, a woman's hat was found in addition to her own. Everybody then said that the 'Ripper' was a woman. Nothing was proved, however, and the police were still at fault, though working most assiduously. The first definite clue was obtained on Aug. 30, 1889, when a woman with whom Dr. Forbes Winslow was in communication (for he had never stopped working on the murders) came to him and said that a man had spoken to her in Worship street, Finsbury, who wanted her to go down a court with him. She refused to do so, and together with some of the neighbors, whom she told, followed him, walking at a little distance behind. They saw him go into a house out of which she had seen him coming some days before. On the morning of July 17, she saw him washing his hands at the pump in the yard of the houses referred to. He was in his shirt sleeves. She particularly remembered the occurrence because of the very peculiar look on his face.

When the house was searched the man had gone, nothing being known about him except that the description of him given by the other tenants tallied with that given by a lodging house keeper, with whom he lived a year before. This lodging house keeper, whose name was Callahan, called on Dr. Winslow several days afterwards and gave him some most important information.

#### A QUEER LODGER.

He said that in April, 1888, a gentleman looking man called in answer to an advertisement. He took a large bed and sitting-room, and said that he was over there on business, and might stay a few months or perhaps a year. Before he came there he told them that he had occupied rooms in the neighborhood of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The proprietor and his wife noticed that whenever he went out of doors he wore a different suit of clothes to what he did the day before, and would often change them three or four times a day. He had eight or nine suits of clothes, and the same number of hats. He kept very late hours, and whenever he returned home his entry was quite noiseless. In his room were three pairs of rubbers coming high over the ankles, one pair of which he always used when going out at night.

Up Aug. 7, the date of the second murder, the lodging-house keeper was sitting up late with his sister, waiting for his wife to return from the country. She was expected about four o'clock, and the two sat up till then. A little before four o'clock the door came in, being as though he had been having a rather rough time. When questioned he said that his watch had been stolen in Bishopsgate, and gave the name of a police station at which he had lodged a complaint.

On investigation this proved to be false, as no complaint had been lodged with the police. The next morning when the maid went to fix his room, she called the attention of the proprietress to a large bloodstain on the bed. His shirt was found hanging up in a room with the cuffs recently washed, he having washed them himself. A few days later he left, saying that he was going to Canada, but he evidently did not go, because he was seen getting into a horse car in London in September, 1888.

While he was in the lodging-house he was regarded by all as a person of unbounded mind, and he frequently would break out into remarks expressing his disgust at the number of fallen women in the streets. He would sometimes talk for hours to the proprietor of the lodging house giving his views upon the subject of immoral women in the streets. During his leisure time he would sometimes fill up fifty or sixty sheets of foolscap, writing upon religious matters connected with morality. These he would then read to the proprietress, who says that they were violent in tone and expressed bitter hatred of dissolute women.

#### THAT'S THE MAN.

At eight o'clock every morning he attended service at St. Paul's Cathedral.

All this information Dr. Forbes Winslow gathered privately, and added to the clues he had already obtained. As soon as he heard the description of the habits of the man who had lived at Callahan's, he said instantly:

"That's the man."

If he had constructed an imaginary man out of his experience of insane people suffering from homicidal religious mania, his habits would have corresponded almost exactly with those told him by the lodging-house keeper.

The conception that the doctor had formed of the way the entire series of murders had been committed was corroborated almost exactly by the evident propensities of the mysterious lodger. Dr. Winslow had said that the murderer is one and the same person; that he has committed the crime suffering from homicidal mania of a religious description, and laboring under the morbid belief that the delusion created by him has direct reference to the part of the bodies removed. That under that delusion and desiring to directly influence the morality of the world, and imagining that he has a certain destiny to fulfill, he has chosen the immoral class of society to vent his vengeance upon.

Just as soon as his clue became certain Dr. Winslow told the police all he knew and suggested a plan whereby the lunatic could be captured upon the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral.

LIE POLICE REFUSE TO CO-OPERATE.

To his great surprise the police refused to co-operate. The rubber shoes, which he

took possession of, were covered with dried human blood. They had been left behind by the murderer in his rapid departure from the lodging house. In addition to the rubbers these pairs of shoes, which were left behind and a quantity of boots, feathers and flowers such as are usually worn by women of the lower class. Some of the latter were stained with blood.

Dr. Winslow was severely criticized for informing some of the London newspapers of his clues. The publication of the doctor's information, showing how closely he named in the murderer was and how dangerous it not impossible any murders would be, evidently frightened 'Jack the Ripper.'

No more murders were committed after the news of the doctor's researches. The specialist says that the maniac most probably left the country for a time.

THE QUEER LODGER INSANE.

The murderer was described as being of slight build, active, with a rather small head, delicate features and a wealth of light brown hair. He frequently boasted of his knowledge of anatomy, and was extremely vain of a well-to-do and respectable family, and evinced considerable ability in his college career. His specialty was anatomy, and he studied so hard that his mind, never very strong, gave way under the strain. Always of a religious turn of mind, he became afflicted with religious mania.

Investigations were at once set on foot, resulting in the discovery that the mysterious lodger, 'Jack the Ripper' and the unfortunate inmate in the asylum were one and the same man. He was a native







